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THE HISTORY OF
Netterville:
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE discovery of our mutual affection being once made, how rapturous, how delightful, were the days, months, and weeks which succeeded. The character of Adeliza, as it unfolded itself to my view, still increased my attachment to her—she was the master-spring of all my actions: the passion I entertained for her, like the rod of the Jewish lawgiver; swallowed up every lesser feeling, and I lived but in her society—my heart new to the impulse of the "belle passion," and unhackneyed in the flowery mazes of Cupid—reposed in fatal security on the long cherished tenderness we entertained for each other; nor did one idea obtrude itself on the imagination of either of us, that was hostile to the flattering picture our youthful affections delighted in pourtraying. Mr. Campbell had of late regarded me with more than usual kindness, had spoken of me, as a youth, for whom he had high expectations; had frequently addressed Miss Campbell and myself by the endearing appellation of his children: these circumstances induced us to believe he had formed the intention of one day uniting us. Happy in each other's society, we patiently waited for the expected denouement. Secluded from the world, often would we wander along the meanders of the Ern, linked in each other's arm, love shed a more than mortal vegrance on the flowers nature had strewed around us, it gilded every prospect, it brightened every scene, it dissipated every gloom, the wood, the hills, the vales, bore witness to our vows of unchangeable fidelity; the morning awoke me to happiness; the night restored to me in dreams the remembrance of the past day.

O merciful Heaven! how soon did the stroke burst in thunder on my defenceless head; how soon was the bright sun of my hope veiled for ever in darkness; how was I driven, a stranger, an alien from my native land, to wander amid regions unknown; and how thro' the course of a long life have I struggled with a sad "variety of pain." Separated from Adeliza—alas for ever!—Our lives glided on without much variation for the space of nearly two years; at the end of that period Mr. Nugent professed himself the admirer of Adeliza, and failing in his suit, attempted to procure the interposition of Mr. Campbell; how like a thunderstroke to his daughter appeared his peremptory commands to receive the addresses of Nugent; she threw herself at his feet, but he was deaf to supplications, threatening her with his eternal malediction if she dared to disobey him; how my heart recoils from a recollection of the dreadful explanation which soon followed; how my nerves tremble at the horrors which I then encountered—nature starts back, and writhes with convulsive agony, at the remembrance of the throbs this lacerated heart then endured. O, Almighty Providence! it was thy mercy which then supported me—it was thy goodeess which saved me from the precipice which gaped to receive me—it was thy unerring hand which guided me in safety through the sorrows and cares of this transitory life, which stilled the raging of the tempest, and which bade the impetuous torrent of passion to subside, and it obeyed thee—Blessed, ever blessed be thy mercy!—but let me continue my narration.—Adeliza flew from the presence of a stern and rigid father, to the bosom of a fond, a rapturous lover; and we again exchanged mutual vows—vows which Heaven refused to ratify. I pressed the affrighted girl to my fond, my beating heart—I swore never to forsake her—I vowed to shield her from her father's rage—I vowed eternal hatred to my treacherous rival—I clasped my encircling arms around her, and forgot, in that moment, that the power of Mr. Campbell might, perhaps, separate us for ever. In the height of our fond delirium we appointed that night for our indissoluble union, without recollecting how difficult such a proceeding must be unsanctioned by the approbation of Mr. Campbell; yet I resolved, once before the irrevocable step was taken, to try the effect of a calm representation of facts, on a man whose paternal affection for his daughter had been unbounded. I rushed into his presence, I prostrated myself before him, I implored his pity in the most supplicating terms, I conjured him not to render his only child miserable through a mistaken zeal—who can speak the convulsions which shook his frame? Adeliza trembling for the consequences of this interview, had followed me unobserved, into the room, and now joined her pleadings to mine.—Words of mingled rage, agony, pity, horor and despair! fell from the lips of Mr. Campbell; he accused himself bitterly, as the author of his own misery—implicated the vengeance of Heaven on his own folly and presumption. Adeliza

took me by the hand—she attempted to lead me towards her father—his eyes flashed fire—he spurned us from him—"Forbear, rash girl!" cried he, "or I renounce you for ever!"—My hand dropped lifeless from between hers, her face became pale and dejected, she was near fainting, I rushed forwards, I clasped her in my arms, I called Heaven and Earth to witness she was mine—mine by the most irrevocable ties, that I would assert my right, and that no human being should separate us. Mr. Campbell trembled convulsively, his flesh quivered, his face became pale and distorted, his eyeballs rolled in their sockets, he attempted in vain to speak, his utterance failed, he threw himself on the ground, he lifted his hand towards Heaven, no tear bedewed his feverish cheek, no sound issued from his divided lips? We again knelt before him, when starting wildly from his knees, he motioned us to retire; and finding that I still retained the hand of Adeliza, he struck his clenched fist against his forehead, and wildly cried, "Heaven itself forbids the unhallowed union—it denounces its bitterest curses against the incestuous passion?—Netterville, she is thy sister!—Yes! thy father humbles himself before his children; the Almighty has visited him with retributive justice!—He chastens with a heavy hand! I heard no more—Adeliza had sunk senseless to the ground; my curdling blood mounted into my boiling brain; torrent after torrent appeared to rush forward, and oppress my aching heart; my straitened veins threatened instant annihilation; and my distended faculties were strained to such a violent degree of tensity, that every fibre of my frame appeared ready to snap asunder; my heated imagination conjured up a thousand horrid phantoms to appal me: I felt as if pursued by myriads of furies. During these moments of agony, my once loved Adeliza lay on the floor, in a state of insensibility, and I dared not lift a hand to her assistance; I gazed on her with a sort of composed astonishment, mingled with horror; I looked at Mr. Campbell, my father!—a father only known in misery, only acknowledged in wretchedness! his countenance was the faithful index of his heart, terror, anguish, shame, and a confused mixture of undefinable sensations were there assembled: Reason in these complicated terrors tottered on her throne—I quitted the apartment, and rushed with precipitation out of the house; I wandered all that long night, over mountain, heath and plain; the rain drenched my cloaths, the wind whistled around my uncovered head; the storm raged with violence, but by me it was unheeded. Alas! I had that within which bade defiance to this elemental strife, and I continued to wander until totally exhausted, "tired nature" sank into forgetfulness, in which state I was discovered the following morning, at the door of a cottage, on the lofty summit of Moncrieff, extended at my length, stiff, cold, and insensible.—I lay many weeks after this confined to my bed, in the delirium of a fever, from which youth, and a good constitution, gradually restored me. The solitude of a sick chamber presented to my imagination the transitoriness of all sublunary enjoyments, and I endeavoured to arm my mind with fortitude, to bear the part assigned me with patience and resignation: the languor which illness had left on my frame, insensibly calmed the impetuosity of my temper, and I flattered myself I should soon think of Adeliza with composure, and true brotherly affection: I strove to subdue my irritable feelings—I endeavoured to look beyond this world for consolation, and support; but, alas! as the body gained strengh, the effervescence of the mind returned, and with it returned also, the painful remembrance of lost happiness. The good inhabitants of the cottage were venerable for their years, and more so for their virtues; they were both far advanced in life—yet my worthy host offered himself to be the bearer of a letter to my family; "For they must," said he, "be necessarily alarmed at your long unaccountable absence." In compliance with the good man's advice I attempted to pen a letter to those friends I had determined never more to behold, at least, for many years; and that this last effort might afford them consolation, it was necessary that it should be written with coherency and composure.—Ah! vain was the hope of attaining composure whilst writing to Adeliza!—to Mr. Campbell—my father!—What could I say?—my hand trembled, my heart palpitated, my ideas were confused, my aching head throbbed with spasmodic convulsions—yet the effort must be made, and after many alterations, and much hesitation, I wrote as follows:

"Adeliza, my sister, my friend; in what language shall I address thee? separated as we are, by an awful, and insurmountable barrier, how shall I speak peace to thy fainting spirit?—Shall I tell thee I am happy and resigned?—Alas, no! I will not, I dare not deceive; well then, I am exerting my reason, my religion, to become all these; I am exerting my reason to become tranquil, to forget thee, or only to remember thee with brotherly affection and friendship—ah! think not that the pen of thy Netterville shall trace one line which sisterly fondness can fear to read. No, my Adeliza! I will ever keep in remembrance the blood which has united us to each other; nor shall one thought, or action of mine, raise a blush on the delicate cheek of my friend—O, merciful God! how many days of misery, how many nights of almost incurable anguish, had been mutually spared us, had that inherent sense of shame been exerted to withstand a vicious inclination, which enabled our father to conceal his crime—had he practised that self-denial for the protection of innocence which bade him deny himself the affection and acknowledgment of an only son—had he endeavoured to subdue himself, instead of subverting the innocence of my unfortunate mother, we might have lived years together, blessed in each other's society—we might have lived to support and console him in affliction, and might together have "rocked the cradle of his declining age;" as it now is, I dare not see you—first the tumultuous storm which rages in my bosom must subside (Alas! may not the heart cease to struggle against the tide of misfortune?—May not calamity overwhelm me, ere I have learnt the hard lesson which duty imposes on me?)—Oh, Adeliza! I will strive to recur to those days of juvenile innocence and simplicity, when no passion but the purest friendship agitated our youthful bosoms—I will forget, if possible, my fondest hopes, my dreadful disappointment, and the fatal mystery which enveloped my origin, and lift my heart in humble thankfulness to the All-wise disposer of events, which opened our eyes ere it was too late. Tell my father, that my soul bears towards him the truest filial reverence; that it dwells on the numerous circumstances of his kindness and affection—that—but, no—his heart can best inform him, what must be the feelings of mine at this moment; what must be that misery which follows the awakening from a delicious dream, in which the imagination was indulged for years.—Alas! there will be no end to this letter if I go on with my complaints. Adeliza, feel no [illegible]ger anxiety on my account; the "Almighty tempers the wind to the shorn

lamb;" from him, and his sacred word, let us seek consolation, and believe me ever your affectionate brother,

"*Lewisham Netterville.*"

As I presented this letter to the good Forbes, the colour faded on his venerable cheek—again the crimson current returned; he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, ejaculated a fervent prayer, retreated from me a few paces, gazed at me some moments with astonishment mingled with horror; and at length, suddenly catching me in his arms, exclaimed, "Yes, Heaven be praised! my heart tells me it must be the same, the child of my lamented Agnes, born amidst anguish and desolation—come and embrace thy maternal grandfather!—Alas!" continue he, extending his arms, and hanging down his reverend head, "in me, my son you behold a wretched old man, dishonoured by Frazer Campbell, a descendant of Duncan Forbes, tamely submitting to infamy, and degradation, and hiding his diminished head in the seclusion of a poor and miserable cottage; the loss of fortune, my Agnes, I could bear with resignation and composure—but, Almighty God the innocence of my child—it was too much!—O, Agnes, Agnes! hadst thou been but virtuous, "would Heaven have given me such another world of one intire and perfect chrysolite, I'd not have changed thee for it." She was the darling and delight of my old age; she was beautiful as the rising morning--sweet as the opening flowers—innocent and artless as a village maiden, until the treacherous Campbell engaged her affections, undermined the purity of her unadulterated heart, taught her to conceal her sentiments and her feelings from the fond eye of parental solicitude, and finally wrought her destruction; may the Almighty visit him with the severest vengeance; may the hour of retribution soon arrive; may conscience agonize and torment him; and may his pillow ever be a stranger to repose!"—"Oh forbear!" cried I, putting my hand before his lips, "let not your malediction rest on a repentant sinner—let not"—a rustling behind us, for we were standing near the door of the cottage, now drew our attention, and in a moment my father, the wretched Campbell, stood before us—"Am I not visited cried he, his voice suffocated with contending emotions—"Is not the phial of wrath drained on my defenceless head!—Are not my children lost to happiness for ever?—Is not my son a wretched outcast from his family?—And is not the measure of my misery complete?—Is not my crime expiated?—Is not your resentment, as yet, appeased?—O Duncan, Duncan!" continued he, flinging himself on the ground, and striking his clenched fist against his forehead, "what is thy calamity, compared to the pangs which agitate this distracted bosom—what thy misery to the sting of agonizing conscience—to the gnawing of "the worm which never dies?"—Are not my children both miserable through my misguided pride, which would not suffer me to humble myself before them, and has not the Almighty levelled me even with the dust?—Has he not exposed me to contumely?—And has not the fruit of my crime been, alas! the instrument of my punishment?—O, God! it is too much!" The old man lifted his hands, and eyes to Heaven—he could not speak. —"O Agnes, Agnes!" continued my father, "thy pure spirit has long been at rest—long hast thou been sheltered from the obloquy of the world, and pride of the malevolent; but never can the soul of Campbell hail thee in the kingdom of spirits never shall his voice be permitted to mingle with thine in hymning hallelujahs to the Supreme!"—"O," cried I, kneeling before the venerable Forbes, tears streaming down my cheeks, "cease to persecute a being whom conscience has already rendered wretched—cease to harrow up those feelings already too acute—lay not an added load on one whom Heaven has visited; but reflect, "that there is more joy in Heaven, over a sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance."—My grandfather was visibly affected—his heart appeared to soften towards Campbell, and I seizing the favourable opportunity, had the good fortune to reconcile them to each other: for my sake, for the sake of her who was once so dear to you," cried I, taking the hand of Forbes, and drawing it towards my father, "extend your forgiveness to the wretched Campbell!"—"May Heaven forgive me!" cried the old man, "as I forgive him; may his offences be no more remembered;" and he extended his hand to my father, who pressed it with rapture to his lips. Forbes then retired, and I strove to speak peace to the agitated mind of Mr. Campbell—"Believe me," cried I, "your son will not long be unhappy; he will rise above the disappointments of life, and will learn to meet both yourself and Adeliza with serenity."—My father pressed me tenderly in his arms, and now the fond affection which had so many years remained pent up in his bosom, found vent; he settled with me the plan of future correspondence; he gave me a draught on his banker for money to purchase a commission in a regiment then stationed in the East-Indies, for which place I was to embark as soon as possible; and having taken of me a parental leave, and received from me many remembrances to Adeliza, he departed.—The following week I set out to join my regiment, and with my venerable grandfather, and grandmother quitted a place in which they had experienced nothing but misery.

BLUE MOUNTAINS.

The following laughable description of some parts of the Blue Mountain, in Pennsylvania, is taken from a translation of Bulow's travels in America.

"THESE woods were very desolate: not a *bird* was to be seen; still *less* to be heard, though it was the singing season of the year. Nothing but the *screaming* of *jays* interrupted the solemn *stillness* of the woods, and the hollow *whistling* of the wind in the tops of the firs: of *murmuring* brooks there was plenty."—Thus —There was not a *bird* to be seen though there were *jays*—there was *less* than a bird to be *heard*, though these *jays screamed*—there was a solemn *stillness*, but there was also *screaming* and *whistling* and *murmuring*.——Poh.

DRESS.

"THE perfection of dress is to be easy and clean. Nothing can be more ridiculous, than for any one to make himself a slave to fine clothes. Such a one, and many such there are, would rather remain as fixt as a statue, from morning till night, than discompose a single hair, or alter the position of a pin. Were we to recommend any particular pattern for dress, it would be that which is worn by the people called *Quakers*. They are always neat, clean, and often elegant, without any thing superfluous. What others lay out upon tawdry lace, ruffles and ribbons, they bestow upon superior cleanliness. Finery is only the affectation of dress, and very often covers a great deal of dirt."

LEARNING.

LEARNING is like Scanderberg's sword, either good or bad, according to him that hath it: an excellent weapon, if well used; otherwise, like a sharp razor in the hand of a child.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A VIEW
OF THE PRACTICE OF THE
YELLOW FEVER.

Addressed to the Inhabitants of Philadelphia.

(continued)

IT may be said that emetics, or strong evacuants of any kind increase the quantity of bile on the stomach and bowels: and that emetics may produce alarming spasms, &c.

To the first objection, I reply, that if the quantity of bile is increased, it is only drawing forward that which ought to be discharged also: To the second, that emetics only hurt when given ignorantly; having used them on all ages with invariable success.*

Purgatives alone will only answer in milder cases or early in the disorder; but cannot after it has progressed into violence, when no time is to be lost.

They do but little in the stomach, and there is bile, that is neither reached nor shaken by them, that ought to be out. Calomel is generally used, but salts and Castor oil given immediately after emetics, are better. They irritate the system less, and carry off the bile very well, when in a floating state. Emollients may be applied with profit, but cannot do much with a large quantity of acrid fluid, without the aid of powerful evacuants.

It is unnecessary, even ridiculous, to apply a remedy that is too feeble for the cause, and is frequently worse than the wrong medicine, or none.†

If every person on the approach of the fever, would take proper evacuants, they would not only find a great quantity of bile, but also prevent illness. A Gentleman of Norfolk, informed me that he avoided the fever three times, and once after symptoms of a violent attack, by powerful evacuation; and that he received it the fourth time by depending on a strong dose of Calomel, and Jalap. What then are we to expect from a single dose of Calomel, (and often not that) after the disorder has reached violence?*

The greatest success in the cities that have been oppressed by this malady, may be traced to a greater respect to the *stomach* and bowels; hence the French Physicians have been most successful. But they are too feeble in their remedies, and depend too much on emollient, or correcting medicine. From the government of the practice I have suggested, I have not lost a patient, though I have had as many as could be attended to, for several years; nor do I expect a loss. A gentleman who practised near me, and with the same attention to the stomach, can pronounce the same success, while others, who met not the bile with the same boldness, either lost their patients, or kept them down several weeks.

It may be said by Doctor Mitchell, that the bile is necessary in destroying, what he calls the septic acid in this fever, which is (in other words,) that the effect of the disease, becomes the remedy. If the bile, is such an antiseptic, its speedy putrefaction must be unaccountable. Were I disposed to offer such gaseous doctrines as many are, I could publish something every week, and with but little trouble.

Let us now view the fashionable practice of salivation, founded on the principle, that two diseased actions cannot exist at the same time. I grant it to be a correct principle, but like all others, may be applied improperly. Doctor Rush observes (using his own figure) that it is better to hoist the latch up, than to brake the door down: by which he means, that it is better to throw off the causes, than to attempt to overcome them by superior action; and yet by this treatment, he has retired from his maxim, even in a disorder of the greatest action.

It is our duty first to know (before we apply this principle) whether the disorder will allow us time to excite the action we have in view, and whether the existing action is not too great to be overcome by another? In a violent bilious fever, a large quantity of Calomel is necessary to produce the wished for effect, and previous to a complete salivation, the fever seriously heightened by the Calomel, closes the patient's life, *even* against the efforts of the lancet.† At the degree of fever when salivation might be of service, we could do much better without it, and in a violent action it must produce serious consequences.

It may be said, that many persons have been restored under salivation; but this weakens not my opposition to it, nor can any argument prevent reason from pronouncing it, a dangerous and ridiculous practice, and probably introduced by that love of innovation which is too regardless of consequences, as to society.

Before I retire I must invite you to believe that the best medicines are not to be depended on unless given in proper time, quantity, and combination, and that the most correct theories may be applied improperly, even by their authors.*

I have thought it proper to offer this address to you, well knowing, that talents in a physician however great, not connected to humanity, can never produce success, and that most physicians cannot or will not offer that attention which is necessary in violent disorders.—Apply these suggestions, and you will find that this fever, though violent, is very simple, and that you have received nothing more than plain truth. *(to be continued)*

* Some men are too apt to fix antiquity in the place of principle; while others are for rejecting every thing that is antiquated, whether right or wrong. These last agree, that it destroys their dignity, to proceed in a plain beaten track; and to these we may ascribe the prime evils of society.

† This has been too common in the fever treated of. There have been many instances of only a few feebly purgative powders being given.

* So easily do I conceive this fever to be prevented (however violent the remote cause) that I should not regard it.

†This fever very seldom grants time for a complete salivation, and the calomel increases the irritibility of the system, so much, as to demand twice the quantity of blood that would otherwise answer.

* So liable are we to practise improperly, even from the most correct theories, that I am disposed to offer the sentiment of that great Poet of nature, Pope; and with an unlimited application.

> For forms in Sciences, let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

ERRATA—In the third line of the first note to this address read *fever*, for *liver*: and in the last line of the eleventh paragraph—for *different fevers*—read, *difference in the exciting causes of different fevers.*

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

(concluded)

EACH of these probationers severally continuing thus in their respective courses of life, according to the diversity of their inclinations, and of the ends that each had proposed to himself, there came a messenger from the king who had sent them, with an express order for them to return instantly to court, and give an account of themselves. They, observing that the royal mandate was so very definitive, instantly obeyed, and set out on their way back, leaving the garden, the first two with sentiments of regret, the other with none but those of duty and affection for the great king that had recalled him.

As they came out of the garden gate, the first, who had given himself up to sensibility and dissipation, severely felt the change of the air, and withal the

want of the dainties, delicacies, and luxuries to which he had been accustomed in the garden, and to which he owed his being now grown a walking-hospital of diseases, both of body and mind. His spirits then failing him, with a belly enormously swelled he fell to the ground, burst, and died.

The second coming after him loaded with riches, in gold and jewels, of which he had rifled the cabinets of the garden; the door-keepers wondered to see him staggering under such a burthen, and, according to the order they had, took all away from him, leaving him nothing but what he had brought with him; and this not without severe sarcasms on him for his folly. At which, the poor Caitiff remained terribly grieved, and lamenting his loss of so much labour employed worse than only in vain.

The third, so soon as he had heard the voice of the messenger that had, on the part of the king, brought him his order of return, rejoiced at the idea that he should now soon have his desire satisfied of knowing who it was that was the owner or manager of that garden, and moreover of being well received by him, to whom his best affection had ever been devoted, even independently of that knowledge; encouraged to this hope, through the consciousness of never having wilfully offended him, by any contravention to his orders, in all the time he had been there; he having on the contrary, rather conformed his whole tenor of conduct to what he could think the most agreeable to his will. Without any the least demur, then, he set himself to quit the garden, and remembering withal every thing that the door-keepers had told him, he entertained not so much as a wish of taking any thing with him of all that the garden afforded. Upon which, on his coming forth, he was well looked on by them, as well as by the rest of the servants of the master of the garden who were in waiting, and carressed him much on observing with what joy and alacrity he was proceeding to obey the mandate of the king.

When the two now left of the original three were arrived near the court, the first appeared so tired, so faint, that his knees sunk under him; he tottered along, an object of derision; and though he kept crying out, and boasting to every one, his being of blood-royal, no one would believe him; many even resented it as an affront to themselves, that such a worthless wretch should set up a claim of relationship to his majesty; some of whose servants at that court, not content with turning him out of the palace with scorn and mockery, threw him into a dungeon, by way of punishing him, not so much for his vain attempt of robbing the garden, but for his having actually robbed himself of the incomparably superior joys and advantages which he had sacrificed to his villainous preference of the most abject, and surely the most stupid of all the human delights, the delight of avarice.

But, in just contradistinction to the usage which this miscreant had met with and deserved, the very reverse of it was reserved for the third, in the honourable reception due to his merits. All the great personages of the court went out to meet him, welcomed him, embraced and accompained him in the royal presence chamber, where it much pleased the king to see him in such good order, and so well disposed. Now, although his majesty had abundant knowledge of every thing relative to him, he asked him, for form-sake, whence he came, and what he had been doing?—To this he answered, that he was just come from a place well worthy of great note; and after having duly celebrated the greatness and wonders of that admirable garden in which he had spent so much of his time, he proceeded to say, that from all he had observed in it, he could not help concluding that such a garden must have had some extremely skilful maker; and that withal, whether as maker, manager, or master, it could not be imagined otherwise than that he was very near, or in it, although he kept himself invisible; and that he for his part had no desire more ardent than that of knowing him; in full presumption of the highest delight in that knowledge, through the great love he bore to him for all his mighty works and infinite goodness.

To this the king replied, "since thou hast so well employed thy time, I mean to gratify this thy laudable desire, by shewing thee the lord of that garden, for thee to know him in such a manner that thou mayest evidently perceive how from him alone could proceed the formation, order and disposition of all that thou sawest there: thence to more and more increase thy affection for him, whom to love is to serve. In me, then, acknowledge the lord of that garden, who gave it existence, and who constanly provide for its preservation, not a plant growing, not an animal breathing there, but through the direction of my spirit."

At seeing and hearing this, the now truly blest worthy felt his bliss complete in that knowledge. He felt withal that love of his increase by it, which he had conceived even before this entire satisfaction of his curiosity; so that thenceforward he lived with perpetual joy in himself, honoured by the whole court, and in high favour with the master. Praise be to him who praise deserves!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON THE CUSTOM OF

SCOLDING.

SCOLDING is a domestic habit many indulge themselves in.—I conceive that generally it is the effect of pride, passion, or an unsubjected disposition of nature which ought to be controuled. It frequently occasions much unhappiness, both in the inferior branches of families, and also in those that practise it.—The sage Cato of old observed, "no man is fit to command another that cannot command himself."—The justness of this sentiment is often evident in the practice I am treating of.—It is common for people to imagine a superiority over others; and when the conduct of inferiors appears to be negligent and counter to that ideal greatness, it ruffles the mind:—Then, instead of showing by example that calmness and reason should be the attendants of all actions, they rally out their passion in extravagant, unmeaning expressions. A great deal is said that can be of no use to the hearer. Advice, perhaps, is given in a tone of voice that indicates a discomposed spirit—and evidently springing from the impulse of the moment,—of course, it is not regarded as worth attention.—Thus, the dignity of an instructor to others, is lessened:—and people's characters are derogated eventually by their own mouth.—And instead of order and propriety being promoted, disorder and confusion more and more prevail. Where this is the case of a family, there can be but a dull enjoyment of happiness:—which is rarely found, *out* of the tranquil abodes of harmony and peace.—Now I presume that every scold has sometime or other experienced the serenity of a meek and quiet spirit;—and doubtless is sensible that it is much more favourable to the enjoyment of happiness, than peevishness and anger.—Let reason then be exercised on

all occasions.—Let it be considered whether the conduct of others, which disturbs quiet, be not the consequence of a want of proper instruction? and who, then, is most faulty?—and where reformation ought to begin? This enquiry should be honest and impartial on the side of self;—and if fault appears there, let future conduct be ordered according to reasonable and just principles.

There is a portion of love implanted in the breasts of all rational beings, that can be worked upon by superior capacities, to great advantage.—Were those who have their inferiors under care, to endeavour rightly to cultivate amiable dispositions in them, irritating occurrences would be less frequent, and reasonable expectations would generally be answered, by greater diligence, circumspection, and a care to please.—Reproof, however, will be sometimes necessary:—but it should be reasonable and cogent; and then it would be effectual.

Thus, noise and clamour (those painful sounds in the ears of sensibility) might no more be heard in the habitations of men. But quietness, harmony and cheerfulness would ever prevail; and "The voice of the turtle would be heard in the land." EQUITUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO MISS ELIZA FICKLE.

COULD I believe that my advice "would fix your destiny," be assured, I would long ponder ere I should venture to write a word on a subject of such importance; but of this I can entertain no idea: it is a practice but too general for us to ask advice freely, yet constantly take our own, without even weighing the advantages which might possibly flow from a contrary line of conduct.

In your description of yourself, you have by no means drawn a flattering picture: Your three vices, for I never can admit them to be "female qualities," are such in their nature and tendency as may be properly used in the hand of the deceiver as a foundation on which may be easily raised the superstructure *ruin*—but I hope it is not too late for you to amend. To know the disease, says the physician, is at least half the cure; if then you are indeed *vain*, capricious and covetous, my first advice is, that you purchase *Sherlock* on death, and solemnly read a few pages of it each morning and evening, reflecting in the meanwhile seriously on the little reason such a frail mortal, as you, has to be *vain*.

My second advice is, to cure yourself of covetousness, write this text in large letters, and place it over your looking glass, "what can it profit me, should I gain the whole world, and lose *my soul?*" I say, place it over your looking glass, for vanity will often take you there; and to effect your cure, this consideration should be never absent from your mind.

Your capriciousness is the most innocent of the three, yet truly a degrading characteristic wherever it is found—use all your endeavours to correct yourself; for this foible, not to give it a harsher name, will render you every moment you indulge it, less amiable and less worthy, even in your own eyes; judge then how it will be viewed by others.—To cure you of this, I would advise, to serious consideration; endeavour to judge between what entitles to esteem, and what does not; to discriminate between real, and pretended worth, between external beauty and internal loveliness—between useful accomplishments and vain pretensions; and your natural good sense, for you do not appear to me deficient in that respect, will lead you to fixed principles, and consequently you will be no longer an inconstant, capricious flutterer.

You see I have, like all other advisers, given you advice where it was not asked;—the reason is very obvious; if you cannot correct yourself in these three respects, all the advice which it may be possible to give in answer to your request, would be in vain.

Your first suitor's qualifications for rendering you happy are certainly very considerable, rich, sober, industrious, mild and gentle in his disposition, and a man of good sense; there are few men in whom so many endearing qualities are found united; your only objection, "he is not handsome," appears to me a convincing proof that you are indeed vain, that your capricious heart can be more affected by the fluttering fop, the painted butterfly, the ephemeris of a day, than by the most sterling merit; remember my advice and endeavour to improve.

Your second humble servant you have not only described, but have truly expressed my opinion; I think him a fop, and consequently a fool, with whom it would be impossible for you, with all your foibles retained, to be happy; indeed, I much doubt if you could be happy with either; a fop is generally so fond of himself, so vain, so ignorant and opinionative, that it is not in the nature of things that, to a woman of but tolerable sense, he could be a source of felicity.

The other I am afraid has not that respect for you necessary to constitute a foundation of happiness.—If he be a man of sense, he certainly treats you as a covetous fool, whose favour may be purchased with a handful of eagles.

As to your last question, by the information I have received in your letter, it does not appear to me evident that either of them loves you. My advice therefore is, that first you correct your vices, banish your foibles, and fix your principles, and if your humble servants still continue their attentions, mark their improvements with a discerning eye, and regulate your conduct accordingly.

A. f. M.

THE OBDURATE AMBASSADOR:

A TURKISH TALE.

A MERCHANT, the brother of a lady of distinguished birth and respectable condition, had the misfortune to suffer great losses, and to fail in his payments. His largest dealings were with a foreign nation, whose subjects were, of course, his principal creditors. The Ambassador of that nation insisted upon payment of the whole; and sued him with the greatest rigour. The merchant, conscious of his inability to discharge the full amount of his debts, had no resource but in the flexibility of the Ambassador's disposition. His sister undertook the ardious task of waiting upon the Ambassador; and, in order more strongly to excite his compassion, purposed that the daughters of her unfortunate brother should accompany her: 'My dear nieces,' said she, 'do not waste your tears at home; in vain you vent your sorrows here. Come with me, and let us try if the force of prayers and supplications cannot melt the heart of that unfeeling man, who seems to take delight in the ruin of your father. Dress yourselves suitably to your melancholy situation, and follow me.

This said, she hastened with her brother's children to the Ambassador's palace; but what was her surprise and grief, when she was informed by the servants, that entrance was refused to her by their master's express order. A lady, accustomed to be treated with honour and respect by every person with whom she had any concerns, could not but sensibly

feel such a palpable affront. However, having once assumed the office of petitioner, and engaged herself in such an interesting cause, her courage was not to be damped by a single rebuke. On the contrary, after repeated denials of admittance, she as constantly essayed to gain it. 'Perhaps' said she, 'his excellency is engaged in important affairs, I will respectfully wait the time of his going out.' One of the children was so affected by this treatment, that she could no longer sustain the excess of her grief. Her sight and limbs failing her, she fell into a swoon at the palace-gate. The affrighted aunt implored their humanity for some assistance to the unhappy child; but the domestics, in obedience to their master's commands, still refused to take the least notice of her, or the children. Exasperated at their cruelty, the lady ran to the guard of Janissaries, who were at that time upon duty; and, in the extravagance of her sorrow, cried out:

'O Mussulmen! O ye, whom the Christians call Infidels! come to my assistance; help me to relieve this distressed child, who must otherwise die unpitied, in the midst of those barbarous Christians, who surround us, and refuse the aid of a drop of water to succour the unfortunate infant. Come hither, O Mussulmen; let us try if the voice of indignation, joined to the piercing accents of woe, can reach the man inaccessible to the complaints of the unfortunate. Let him at least know, that you are not like him, deaf to the cries of the afflicted.

The Janissaries flew to the lady's assistance. Her majestic deportment commanded their services. The gathering crowd reviled the domestics with the severest reproaches, till they could no longer resist her importunities, but ran to procure some relief; while the doors of the palace flew open, as if by divine interposition. The Ambassador himself, alarmed at the noise, and seeing a great mob assembled at his gate, came out to enquire the cause. This courageous female summoned, at that moment, every idea that her just indignation could suggest. The moving spectacle, which had roused every spark of sensibility, inspired her in such a degree, that she spoke the language of the soul, in most energetic terms. She reproached him for the obduracy of his disposition, which could unmoved hear the complaints of the wretched, and that in terms so powerful, she roused at length the torpid feelings of his heart. What he denied to her supplications he granted to the dignity of her mind.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION.

SIR,

A LATE publication was presented to my view a few days past, emphatically entitled "*Pendleton's Medical Alphabet.*" —After an attentive perusal, I feel impeled by justice to the author, to pronounce thus publicly; that it combines correctness and force of style, with originality and strength of reasoning.

It is surprising that medical characters have been so backward as to the investigation of fundamental principles. Doubtless it is, that the most expensive knowledge of chemistry will avail nothing, without an acquaintance with the animal œconomy.

The high merit of this production, and the inattention that genius meets with in this country, moved me to this address.

A distinguished writer justly observes; "that genius in America is a lowly, wild and neglected shrub, shooting up apparently by *fantastic accident*, amidst the confines of a dreary, desolate waste, happy if it escapes the ruthless hand of persecution and oppression,—always hopeless of attracting the enlivening dews of *Patrician favour*, or the rays of the *benignant sun* of congenial science."

In this the conduct of America is essentially *anti-republican*, and the painful fact exists a distinguishing characteristic of difference from any other enlightened nation.

It is a melancholy truth that in America, the only roads to *eminence* in letters, are by the vilest quackery, and the grossest pedantry;—by which a veto is imposed on the efforts of genius, as effectual, as a statute punishing with death.

PREMIATOR.

July 10*th*, 1804.

ANECDOTES.

AN agreeable woman, to whom Santeuil owed some money, meeting him one day at a private house, asked him the reason she had not seen him so long: "is it because you owe me something?" "No, madam, (replied the poet) that is not what prevents my visiting; and you are the cause that you are not paid." "How so? (said the lady)—because, said he, *whenever I see you, I forget every thing beside.*"

Doctor Johnson, and Mr. Boswell, dining one day at lady Macleod's, the former was helped to some green peas, which were esteemed a rarity for the season: having eaten what was first laid on his plate, lady Macleod offered to help him a second time.—"Pshaw, madam, (says the doctor) surely they are only food for hogs"—"It is for that very reason (replied her ladyship) *that I help you sir.*"

An Irish gentleman, observing on the military honors prematurely accompanying the remains of Volunteers who had perhaps been enrolled but a very few days, said, "it was absurd to fire *three vollies* over the graves of men who, perhaps had never smelt powder *before!*" [*Lon. Paper.*

Philadel[a]., *July* 14, 1804.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—We are authorised to say, that Messrs. Conrad and Co. of Philadelphia, are about to publish a new periodical work, to be named "*The Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal.*" A full prospectus of the work, which is to be edited by Doctor BARTON, will be published in due time. In the meanwhile it is thought proper to observe, that the general plan of the work is intended to be similar to that of the "Medical Repository of New-York"—"The London Medical and Physical Journal"—the Edinburgh "Annals of Medicine," &c.—that the Journal will be published every three or every six months, as may be found most convenient to the editor, or most agreeable to the encouragers of the work; and that the first number, or part, is already nearly prepared for the press.

Thomas Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope, is writing, at London, an Allegorical Poem, illustrative of a series of designs, by one of the princesses. The subject is *Cupid turned Volunteer.*

Roscoe has commenced printing his life of Leo X. It is said, that it will make four volumes quarto.

Southey is engaged on a history of Portugal.

Walter Scott, editor of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and writer of several spirited poems, is about to publish a Poetical Romance called "The Lady of the Minstrel." *Freem. Jour.*

On Wednesday morning last, in a duel with AARON BURR, Esq. V. P. U. S. General ALEXANDER HAMILTON was killed!—He was shot thro' the lungs at the first fire,—both fired, but Burr was not touched. Gen. H. fell on the same spot where his son was killed in a duel about two years since.

MARRIED—On Thursday last by the Rev. Geo. Potts, Mr. *James Wallace*, to Miss *Elizabeth Wallace*, both of Southwark.

—— On Tuesday last by the Rev. J. J. Janeway, Mr. *Allen Rogers*, of this city, to Miss *Jane Hart*, of the Northen Liberties.

—— On Thursday 5th inst. at Easton (Penns.) by the Rev. Christian Endress, Mr. *Samuel Kelley*, printer, of this city, to Miss *Rebecca More*, of the former place.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ELEGIAC SONNET,

On hearing some verses to the memory of Mrs ELIZABETH M'GRATH, *who departed this life on the 20th of June last.*

Blessed are the dead who *die in the* LORD!—Even so saith the SPIRIT; for they rest—and *their works follow them.* *Rev.*

WHAT plaintive, melancholy notes are these,
That wake congenial feelings in my breast?—
Feelings that long had sought, in peace, to rest,
With all the writer's pow'r and wish to please—

Ah me! lov'd SYLVIA is the mournful theme,
Whom, erst, the Muse with heartfelt rapture sung.*
On slend'rest threads our life and bliss are hung:
Fate wills—those threads are snapt! all is but dream!

Could *Charity* divine prevent her doom;
Could THE POOR's pray'rs avert the shaft of death;
Could *Love* or *Friendship*, stop the flying breath,—
Our tears would not bedew her honor'd tomb.

But GOD, dear sainted Spirit! did decree
To take thee to himself, that we might follow thee.

AMYNTOR.

* This alludes to a Sonnet which I had the happiness of inscribing to Mrs. *M'Grath*, when she was in the full bloom of health, and zealously active in the Godlike work of continually "going about doing good."—see Repos. Vol. II. *p.* 119. A.

APOLLO MISTAKEN.

IN times very ancient, when am'rous Apollo,
With swiftness uncommon, fair Daphne did follow,
He repeated, the while, with a most anxious spirit,
A list of his virtues, to set off his merit:
'I inspire all the Bards with poetical fits;
'All call me the patron of poets and wits.'
But Poetry could not, and Wit wanted charms
To persuade the chaste nymph to the God's longing arms.
'Will not music's soft strains o'er your coldness prevail?'
But the God, to his sorrow, found music could fail,
'By my deep skill in plants, I know Physic fair maid!
'And by all am acknowledg'd the chief of the trade.'—
A Physican! that word added wings to her flight;
And quicker than ever she fled from his sight.
The God was mistaken, to talk of his learning;
A hint of his youth would have shew'd more discerning:
Had he mention'd his strength, and the charms of his face,
Coy Daphne had stopp'd—and concluded the case.

CUPID AND DEATH.

CUPID by chance one sultry summer-day,
Quite spent with heat, and having lost his way,
Enter'd, he thought, a pleasant cool retreat,
To seek for sleep, and shelter from the heat;
The place he thought so sweet, was death's dark cave
Dark as the night, and silent as the grave.
Death's pois'nous arrows lay upon the floor
Pav'd with dead bones, and black with putrid gore.
The gloomy cave sunk deep beneath a grove,
Of baleful eughs, no proper place for love.
Here weary *Cupid* lay; thick mists arise,
And balmy sleep ties down his drowsy eyes.
Awaking from his nap, (strange luck to tell)
His pointed arrows from the quiver fell:
Not quite awake, he stretch'd his arm around
To gather up his arrows from the ground,
He chose his darts, he thought, but chose in vain,
So like he could not tell his own again;
Cupid took some of *Death*'s which he could find,
And left some part of his for *Death* behind.
Hence many a sprightly youth in blooming state
Struck with the darts of *death* submits to fate:
Whilst old grey fools, just ready for their graves,
Smit with *love's* bolts become his doting slaves.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

TWO Nymphs, both nearly of an age,
Of numerous charms possess'd,
A warm dispute once chanc'd to wage,
Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete,
Had both alike been mild—
But one, although her smile was sweet,
Frown'd oft'ner than she smil'd.

And in her humor, when she frown'd,
Would raise her voice and roar,
And shake, with fury to the ground,
The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,
From all such frenzy clear;
Her frowns were seldom known to last,
And never prov'd severe.

To poets of renown in song,
The Nymphs referr'd the cause;
Who, strange to tell, all judg'd it wrong,
And gave misplac'd applause.

They gently call'd, and kind, and soft,
The flippant and the scold;
And though she chang'd her mood so oft,
That failing left untold.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,
Or so resolv'd to err;
In short, the charms her sister had,
They lavish'd all on her.

Then thus the god, whom fondly they
Their great inspirer call,
Was heard one genial summer's day,
To reprimand them all.

"Since thus you have combin'd" he said,
"My fav'rite Nymph to slight,
"Adorning *May*, that peevish maid,
"With *June's* undoubted right.

"The minx shall for your folly's sake,
"Still prove herself a shrew;
"Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
"And pinch your noses blue."

SONNET, ON THE HEART.

In every mortal form resides
The panting source of breath:
'Tis thence the purple current glides:
There centres life and death.

This flutt'ring pris'ner can impart
To man extatic joy;
'Tis the sensations of the heart
Yield bliss, or bliss destroy.

Thence flows the agony of grief,
For kindred, parent, friend;
'Tis this alone can yield relief,
And pitying comfort lend.

But, ah! more potent far than this
Is what we all must prove,
Whence we experience the soft bliss
Which flows from tend'rest love.

'Tis there the urclin's arrows fly
Which raise the warm desire;
From thence bursts forth the fev'rish sigh,
When rapture fans the fire.

Thus kindled in the heart each glow
That warms our senseless clod;
From thence the generous feelings flow
Which stamps us sons of God.

EPIGRAM.

THE *Jews*, as we in sacred writ are told,
To *buy* a God, gave Aaron all their gold;
But *Christians* now, times are so monstrous odd,
To heap up *gold*, will even *sell* their God.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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